THE PACIFIC

VOL. 59. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., AUGUST 12, 1909. No. 32

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

WHERE DID IT GO?

Where did yesterday's sunset go,
When it faded down the hills so slow,
And the gold grew dim, and the purple light,
Like an army with banners passed from sight?
Will its flush go into the golden-rod,
Its thrill to the purple aster's nod,
Its crimson fleck the maple-bough,
And the autumn-glory begin from now?

Deeper than flower-fields sank the glow
Of the silent pageant passing slow.

It flushed all night in many a dream,
It thrilled in the folding hush of prayer,
It glided into a poet's song,
It is setting still in a picture rare;
It changed by the miracle none can see
To the shifting lights of a symphony;
And in resurrections of faith and hope
The glory died on the shining slope.

For it left its light on the hills and seas
That rim a thousand memories.

—W. C. Gannett.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 447 Minna street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Alaska, for some time after its purchase by the United States, known as "Seward's Polar Bear Reserve," has astonished the world by its gold production in recent years; and now stands forth as the greatest coal field on the continent.

The "Oregonian" quotes the Rev. Dr. Dyott of the First Congregational Church of Portland as saying that all religious denominations ought to fling their sectarian differences to the winds and unite in helping their fellowmen. The most encouraging sign of the times religiously is that the Methodists and some other strict denominationalists are beginning to declare themselves similarly.

Professor Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary has returned from his trip abroad and will be at his usual place in the seminary this year. The Pilgrim Press announces the early publication of the lectures given by Professor Nash last December at Hartford Theological Seminary. "Congregational Administration" will be the title of the book. It is said of these lectures: "This is not a consideration of the historic bases of Congregationalism, but a consideration of the present situation and its need. The lectures are fine and the grasp of the situation is remarkable."

The Washington marriage law, which requires a physician's certificate as to physical fitness is not proving a success. Victoria, British Columbia, is profiting by it, a round-trip ticket thither from Seattle costing only $3.50, and the only requirements there being a license, which costs $5.00. The intent of the law is held generally by health officers to be all right, but that it is practicable, they say, remains to be seen. Really there ought not to be objection to the law on the part of all well-intentioned people. As to woman the law is satisfied if she is not epileptic, insane, a common drunkard or afflicted with tuberculosis in an advanced stage. A physician is quoted as saying that the physical examination of women need not extend beyond a stethoscopic investigation of the lungs.

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican, writing from Ware, Massachusetts, makes mention of the retirement recently from the presidency of Mills College of Mrs. Susan L. Mills and says in that connection: "Mrs. Mills went to school in Ware, and fitted herself to enter Mount Holyoke College, where she was graduated in 1845. She remained three years more as a teacher, and it was a period in her life to which she looks back with most pleasant memories. At one time while at Mount Holyoke she became more closely associated with Mary Lyon than others, for the limited quarters and large attendance resulted in so crowded a condition that Miss Lyon took Miss Tolman as a roommate for a time. The influence of the older woman on the younger was lasting, and the care of Miss Lyon's grave is one of her yearly remembrances."

Mrs. Anna Besant will be heard with interest by a large number of people on the Pacific Coast. More and more are people everywhere inclining to the belief that there is something in these occult teachings of which the world is some time to know more, and through which gain acquaintance with things now largely hidden and mysterious. When the Christian church finds itself able to explain away the transformations, for betterment, which some of the teachings repugnant to it work in the lives of their devotees, it will be able to show more conclusively than at present their errors. For example, no one can view the lives the followers of Madame Tingley lead at Point Loma near San Diego, and not wonder whether, after all, there is not something there which is yet greatly to bless the world.

The Rev. J. B. Orr, pastor of the Congregational church at Santa Cruz, presents to the Editor of The Pacific the following problem: "Nestorian ministers come with credentials from foreign offices asking aid for church or school in Turkey. One came this morning; Rev. George Avitor, I think is the name. What should we do with them? Why don't they secure a letter from Dr. Adams or Dr. Brown? Is it our privilege and duty to give them the right-of-way to our people to collect funds?" The Editor does not believe that it is. Generally it is a mistake to open up the way for appeals for work outside denominational lines, except in such local intetrests and institutions as are worthy of and demand the support of church people without regard to denomination. In not a few churches people are burdened and bored by the excessive appeals for aid. Some become rebellious, and the causes that should without question receive their help suffer loss by reason thereof.

We regret the resignation of the Rev. Dr. I. C. Meserve of Plymouth Church, San Francisco. He says that he presented his resignation "for the good of the congregation," "so that a greater leader can be secured by them." We do not believe that this can be done. Dr. Meserve has accomplished as much as any available man could accomplish in that parish. He is an able and interesting preacher, and has not neglected the pastoral side of the work. The facts are Plymouth Church has a very difficult problem. Before the earthquake and fire that part of the city in which it is situate had become thickly populated with Jews and Roman Catholics; and after the disaster of April, 1906, the Japanese flocked into the immediate neighborhood, adding to the complications. It was Dr. Meserve's judgment that the First Congregational Church and Plymouth Church should unite and build at some point near Van Ness avenue, but this did not meet with the approval of the First Church people. They would gladly have the Plymouth people with them, but it must be at the old location on the corner of Post and Mason. Now that Dr. Meserve has resigned as

pastor, doubtless Plymouth Church will canvass very earnestly the situation in which she has stood for several years. It is a problem not hers alone but one which belongs to all San Francisco Congregationalism; and even to Protestantism in general in the city. A city of 400,000 people and with less than 15,000 Protestant church members cannot afford to lose any of its forces making for righteousness. Oh, for the coming of a time when the people of all denominations will cooperate in the locating of churches; and, planting them where they are needed, keep out afterward the wicked competition which for years has piled problem upon problem! Plymouth Church, San Francisco, would have today a fairly good parish and constituency if such a spirit of cooperation had come into the churches a few years ago.

It has been given to an Oregon Congregational minister to write one of the best of the recent works of fiction. In "Dyke's Corners," the Rev. E. Clarence Oakley, pastor of the Congregational Church at Oregon City, has given to the reading public a story well worth while—one of sustained interest and charm throughout. Mr. Oakley will be remembered by many of our California readers, having had pastorates several years ago in Oakland and San Bernardino. The Pacific congratulates the author, and hopes for more of this kind of work by him. "Dyke's Corners" is published in attractive form by The Gorham Press of Boston. The production of this work at Oregon City leads The Oregonian, Oregon's leading daily paper, to say: "Few, if any, towns in Oregon have produced so many authors as Oregon City, the birthplace of Edwin Markham, the girlhood home of Ella Higginson,and the present abode of Eva Emery Dye and the newly discovered E. Clarence Oakley. Not even the closest friends of Mr. Oakley, the popular pastor of the First Congregational Church, have suspected that he had a book in hand, that for genuine wit, humor and what the actor folk call 'heart interest' probably surpasses anything yet done by an Oregonian." The Oregonian says further: "Whether anything between the covers is actual or not, or whether the scene lies in Oregon or the East, or whether Mr. Oakley delves out of his own experiences as amateur photographer, musician or ministetr, the reader must discover and decide for himself. At any rate there is a mystery, a plot and considerable psychological interplay that may have occurred at any point between Eugene and Oregon City among any of a score of village corners like 'Dyke's.' Those who look for anything sad or solemn will be happily disappointed, for from start to finish an undercurrent of humor bubbles in his latest Oregon book, and bids fair to make it one of the 'best sellers' the Beaver state has ever known. Like Ralph Connor and Ian McLaren, Mr. Oakley has not lived and studied among his parishioners in vain."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

By the end of the year 1910 the government will have spent $60,000,000 in its arid land reclamation service. Projects now under way will require an expenditure of $26,000,000.

The famous 10th United States Cavalry, the colored regiment that saved the Roosevelt Rough Riders on San Juan Hill in Cuba, was loudly cheered as it passed along the streets of New York City recently. Worth in the colored man will come to its own—will have recognition everywhere sometime.

It is costing the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad about $5,000,000 to change the running of its trains from the left hand track to the right. The right hand track has been found better because of the position the engineer occupies in the engine. The left hand arrangement has proved a costly mistake.

Chicago looked toward Seattle for a time for a man for superintendent of her public schools, but glorified herself finally by choosing a remarkably capable woman for the position—Mrs. Ella Flagg Young. While some of the members of the school board were looking about, all over the country, for the person who in their judgment seemed best adapted for the place, two of the board suggested tentatively one day the name of Mrs. Young, and now she is "an elect lady" at a salary of $10,000 a year. Gradually the world over woman is coming to her own. Mrs. Young was at one time connected with the University of Chicago, but for several years she has been principal of the Chicago Normal School. She is past the three score year point, and has been a resident of Chicago for nearly fifty years, where she began teaching in 1862.

It is not surprising that Southern people are somewhat stirred against the British Weekly, whose editor said recently: "In the American civil war the Southern women wore personal ornaments made of the bones of their unburied foes. They starved prisoners; they took scalps for trophies. When they reckoned on taking Washington they proposed to darken the air with gibbeted carcasses of dogs and cats. So it is always with the defenders of institutions that are safe only in law, and forever in danger from justice. Selfishness, fear, cruelty, follow in an inevitable order." The British Weekly has long had the reputation of being a most reliable journal. But in its knowledge of United States history in this respect at least, it is woefully at fault. North and South will always be glad that nothing such as is here related ever darkened our national history.

CHINESE CHRISTIANITY QUESTIONED.

We are moved to ask, What sort of a creature is Mrs. C. F. Smith of Hong Kong, China? She is said to be the wife of a Hong Kong shipping merchant. On her way to visit her mother at Lafayette, Indiana, she said to a reporter of a Chicago newspaper: "You can't convert a Chinaman. He may say he is converted when it is to his advantage financially, but really he is not converted. One Jesuit priest who has been in Singapore for twenty years told me recently that he could not conscientiously say that he had ever converted a Chinaman." Asked if she were a missionary, Mrs. Smith replied: "Oh, the idea! If you could but see some of those missionaries I don't think you would ask such a question. Why, they wear such sanctimonious faces that they look as if they wished they could die. They are fanatics. The missionaries, however, do a great deal of good by educating the Chinese. But as for converting them I don't believe such a thing is possible. The Chinaman thinks his religion is just as good as ours. But if he thinks he can make fifteen cents by declaring himself a Christian he won't hesitate to do so."

Evidently Mrs. Smith is wholly ignorant of the record for Christian heroism made by Chinese converts during the Boxer uprising. Both men and women exalted Christ then as he had not been exalted for a long time when they won for themselves the crown of martyrdom, as they of olden

times, rather than deny Him whom they had taken as Lord and Master. Our Chinese brethren wrote then some enduring chapters in the modern Acts of the Apostles. Recently there was a remarkable movement on the part of students in China to relieve the shortage of native pastors on whom depends so much the evangelization of that land. For some time it had been a matter of grave concern to missionaries that so few of the Christian college men were enteirng the religious work. But an awakening has come. A missionary tells of it in the New York Observer:

"A fortnight ago there occurred among the students of Shantung College a movement to relieve this situation, which, so far as I can learn, has no parallel in the history of student life throughout the world. Over one-third of the entire membership of the college voluntarily offered their lives, if God permit, to the Christian ministry. One hundred and four college men and twenty-five academy students thus dedicated their lives.

"Three things are worthy of mention in connection with the decisions thus made: There was an utter lack of any emotional demonstration. No special appeals whatever were made. It was much like the week of prayer as observed in many American colleges, with general gatherings and addresses made by an alumnus, a pastor of exceptional ability, intellectually keen and remarkably attractive in personality. The plans were made and carried out by the students themselves, with no foreign supervision. One was impressed by the unusually keen attention given to the straightforward, manly appeal for a whole-hearted surrender to Christ. Befre the week had ended, man after man, some of the best students of the college, had quietly made known his purpose to study for the ministry, and literally scores of students pledged themselves to give a definite period of the summer vacation to preaching and teaching in hitherto untouched villages. Boards of these students will be organized and itineraries carefully planned.

"In the second place, this was obviously not a man-made but a God-made movement. During the last decade only five or six men have gone into the ministry from this college, and during the last five years not one has done so. None of us had dared to hope that over one-third of our entire college would decide to become pastors; and, be it said to our shame, this turning of the hearts of the students came as a tremendous rebuke to our lack of faith."

MORE PROSPERITY IMMINENT.

The settling of the tariff question for a time doubtless will aid materially in the restoration of prosperity. In the manufacturing and agricultural lines the outlook has been very promising of late.

In the great manufacturing centers mills have long been running at their full capacity. Word comes from Fall River, Massachusetts, that a large proportion of the cotton mills have the production of their looms already contracted for, and that the mill men of all other parts of New England are busy and well satisfied with the outlook.

Agriculturally the situation has been all that could be asked.

A correspondent of the New York Post writes as follows of "Luxury in the Wheat Belt": "With the harvesting of dollar wheat the farmers of Nebraska and the Dakotas are beginning to take relaxation in travel. A large number are going to the Seattle Exposition. Others are going East to visit their old homes. A central Nebraska man, who was a caller at the Board of Trade this week, will serve as an example of a large class of the farmers of the West. He was a foreigner, a man who came to Nebraska some twenty years ago, without money. He has been a hardworking man ever since, and now owns a half-section or more of land, all well cultivated, and has all the necessary buildings, machinery, and stock that such a farm should have. An old friend of his, a member of the Exchange, asked him how he had prospered this season.

"He replied: 'It has been the best season I have ever had. While I made money from year to year, this season has been almost phenomenal. Crops were good; there was no delay in any farm work, and prices were satisfactory for all grain. They averaged perhaps the best on record for me. I have sold practically every bushel of my wheat, which my sons will thresh and deliver, and now I am taking a little rest. I intend to go to California in a few days.'

"This is a very good illustration of what prosperity means among the farmers of the Western states. They have light wagons and buggies for use in going to town, and automobiles are by no means uncommon on the farms of the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas."

A Kansas City correspondent tells how in their prosperity the farmers are showing themselves independent of the wheat buyer:

"Down in southern Kansas, during a trip through the wheat belt, was seen, the other day, an example of a new idea that is taking hold of the western farmer. Back from the road near a big-gabled barn, was a red elevator, perhaps 30x30 feet, and towering well into the prairie air. It was a miniature of the elevator at the station five miles away. It was equipped with a gasoline engine and machinery that took grain from the wagons to the topmost bins. It had an up-to-date cleaning machinery, that left the grain in as perfect condition as does the best-built elevator in the state. It cost perhaps $3000, and would hold, say, 10,000 bushels of grain. It is the forerunner of the farmer's independence of the wheat-buyer. In the Dakotas and in Minnesota are hundreds of these, sometimes built of concrete or tile, and sometimes of frame, but each the possession of the farmer, who is thus enabled to hold his wheat, if he wills.

"This Kansas farmer said: 'I consider that the best investment on my farm. With my wheat crop stored in it I have an asset on which I can borrow all the money I want, and with the present outlook for the market it pays me to hold at least a part of my crop.' "

A METHODIST STUDYING A PRESBYTERIAN.

The editor of the California Christian Advocate was in Seattle a few weeks ago, and while there went with the crowd to hear the noted Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Dr. M. A. Matthews. He desired to study somewhat a man who could build up and hold together a congregation of 3,000 persons. We quote from Dr. Bovard's editorial in The Advocate:

"Dr. Matthews is striking in appearance. He is about six feet, four inches in height, a large face, long hair, dramatically and picturesquely thrown back. His eccentric way of wearing his hair is after all a part of his unique personality and on the whole unobjectionable. His voice is clear-toned, his enunciation good. Only in his explosive sentences does his voice lose its charm. He is moderate in emphasis and 'talks' most of the time, 'preaches' occasionally and

'yells' seldomly. He used the guttural tones for emphasis and thereby greatly mars his style. The guttural sounds belong to rudimentary conditions and awaken the barbaric instincts of every person in the audience. There are other ways of expressing scorn and indignation. The guttural animal notes are practically never in place in a sermon. It is the tone of a scold, of a quarrel and should be strictly exclude from the pulpit. Dr. Matthews did not resort to this relic of barbarism frequently and the richness and music of his voice afford all the resources that he needs. He was near to his people, sympathetic, confidential, but not sycophantish. He was warm hearted, full hearted, speaking from the heart to the heart, rather than from the mind to the mind. His sermon was not emotional, not hysterical at any point. He had himself with a single exception well in hand.

"Interesting as is the study of the manner and method and personality of a successful preacher, who can build up and hold together a congregation of 3,000 people, the substance of his sermon is far more important. The power of Dr. Matthews is not sheer literary eloquence. The rhetorical structure of his sentences was on a fair level but not a dominant characteristic of his preaching. He had no wild notes of desperation, fanaticism, nor gallery superficiality in any significant degree in his sermon. His topic was 'The Sane Sound and Serious Program of Life.' It was based upon Titus 2:12. The general outline was as follows: This proposed program of life must include an attitude of absolute hostility to unrighteousness. To reinforce this question of righteousness by denying the reality of sin. That particular form of insanity which coolly and of set purpose denies the reality of sin proceeded either from a disordered brain or from a malicious heart. We deny the right of sin, we dispute the rightful sovereignty of Satan, but that they are both dreadful and world-wide realities no sane person can deny.

"What then are the dominant forms of sanity. Commercial insanity! is one form. He showed that art and music and all the higher, finer ideals were under the same dominant impulse of this commercial craze. If a man painted a picture that would sell, the market demanded that he paint immediately a dozen more. If an author wrote a book that would sell he was beset by a dozen hungry publishers to write a dozen more. A man of ordinary intelligence could read a dozen of these commercialized books in a single day. This commercial craze lays hold upon hands, feet, head, heart, body and soul. This paragraph of the sermon was worked out in terms of the day and carried the audience enthusiastically.

" 'Speedism' and 'speedites' next recived his attention. This was a picturesque way of dealing with the insane hurrying, rush of the age. We felt like his point should have been applied to the choir, which ran away from the audience in singing 'All. Hail the Power of Jesus' name.' His idea was that time in the sane program is an eleemnt which cannot be ignored. Seattle is trying to build a great city in ten years, tearing up all her streets at once, loading the people down with debt, trying to do the work of a hundred years in a single decade. One must now write a biography and have it ready for publication before the corpse is cold; the history of a country must be written in a fortnight. A man now has to have two telephones, two secretaries, and rush madly from morning till night. He has not time to hear good music, to read good books, to study fine art. He gets a glance at the cheap chromo, his ear is regaled with the 'canned' music of the talking machine and of the impersonal tom-tom of the pianola; he swallows his meals and the daily paper in a wild hurry. Speedism is a vast wave of insanity.

"His last contention was against present day flippancy. This is the age of the vaudeville. Every miserable rat-hole, every dive, every infamous den in Seattle, he said, was crowded to suffocation. If the theater managers should attempt to put on the boards 25 of Shakespeare's best plays they would starve. It is the age of the cheap show, it is the sensuous age. Men will not look upon life seriously. They refuse to study the deper problems of life; they will not consider the great ultimate and eternal things underlying humanity. They whirl through life like a butterfly in a garden of flowers. There is but little concern for the permanent things and principles of life. What pleases the sense nature, what dazzles the eye, what charms the ear, are the dominant features of present world-life.

"It is due Dr. Matthews also to add that in all the discourse of an hour and more the evangelical note was strongly in evidence. There was no cheap way of salvation offered. He referred to 'imputed righteousness' in the orthodox Presbyterian fashion. He remained at the chancel rail to meet seekers and we heard that such was his custom. This is said to be the largest membership of any Protestant church in the world, numbering 5,500. Allowing that the church will seat 3,000, this leaves 2,500 members unable to get into the church building. What makes this church great? Great pastor? No. Great preacher? No. Great auditorium? No. All these combined? No. What then holds this great congregation together? There is something the French call "esprit de corps.' The Seattle people have a by-word, 'The Spirit of Seattle.' The plain English of it all is that one thousand people, good Presbyterian people, determined that it should be done and it was done. The pastor has done his part but the chief part is the cooperation of the people. Ten earnest Christian men can easily hold together a congregation of five hundred, and one thousand can hold a company of three thousand. Dr. Matthews will suffer no disparagement when we say there are men in other churches preaching to one hundred people who can preach as good a sermon as he can. The difference is that the congregation, one and all, do not in the one case, enthusiastically, gloriously, triumphantly work to build up and hold the great congregation. Other things being equal the gathering and holding of a congregation depend far more on the congregation than on the pastor."

MOUNT HERMON.

Possibly to many readers of The Pacific, Mount Hermon may be only a name. Until last week it suggested to the writer a beautiful spot somewhere near Santa Cruz, with a few attractions in the way of summer classes, lectures and concerts. But a six days' stay changed vague impressions to clear and most delightful certainty.

A three-hours trip from Oakland, without change of cars, took us to the little station where not only personal friends, but campers and guests at Zayante Inn, met us with a hearty welcome. In the early evening we were guided across a rustic bridge over the picturesque little branch of the Zayante river, up through the redwoods and madrones, by trails made easy for tired feet, and lighted by electricity, to the large, most attractive auditorium. There the evening service, at which Dr. Gilchrist presided, opened the Interdenominational Federate School of Missions.

On Sunday morning, as we went again to the auditorium, we found a well-attended Sunday School. In various parts of the room were placards assigning classes to boys and girls of different ages. All through the summer the school is held, plans are being adapted to the constantly changing pupils, and the necessarily temporary nature of the teaching.

At the church service Dr. Rader led our thoughts in a most inspiring sermon, to missionary privilege and duty.

Only a word here and there can be culled from the addresses of "Our Substitutes," given each afternoon during the week. As one teacher from Utah repeated the assertion of a devoted Latter Day Saint that more Mormons were baptized every year in Chicago than in Utah, and that Indiana was "hopeful," we recalled the Mormon churches in San Francisco and Oakland.

From the Philippines, where no Bibles were in use till 1902, came the story of an old man and his wife, who, receiving a copy with grateful tears, exclaimed: "We have been wanting a Bible for fifty years."

A field matron, speaking of her work among the Indians, gave as one of the greatest difficulties with which she had to contend the selling of liquor by white men to these irresponsible people. "But," questioned some one in the audience, "haven't we a law against selling intoxicants to Indians?" "Yes," was the answer, "but it is evaded in California by the claim that almost all Indians here have more or less white blood"!

In spite of all hindrances our missionary strengthens her heart with the conviction, confirmed by experience, that "the Spirit speaks to them as we cannot."

From Africa comes the word, "You must be in order to do." A native teacher striving to lead a fellow-Christian into better ways of governing his pupils, said: "If you must use the whip, why you must, but bind it with love." A little girl having become a Christian, refused to take shelter at the Mission school, saying, "Jesus has borne so much for me that I want to show my family I am willing to bear persecution."

In the message from Turkey the recent massacre was naturally our first interest. An Armenian woman, giving the reason for all the trouble, said: "It was by order of Sultan Hamid. We do not blame a wolf for acting out his nature." The evening sessions were filled by addresses and music, the latter given largely by young people enjoying vacations at Mount Hermon. Dr. George B. Smyth spoke most interestingly on "The Contribution of Oriental Churches to Christian Laurels."

Mrs. Abby Snell Burnell, impersonating a high caste Hindu woman, gave so graphic a picture that it was difficult to believe we were not listening to a native daughter of India.

Each morning was devoted to work. Mrs. Alden led in the Bible study of Ephesians; Miss Grace M. Fisher in Home Missions, using as a text-book, "From Darkness to Light;" and Mrs. E. Y. Van Meter in Foreign Missions, the text-book being, "The Gospel in Latin Lands." Classes constantly increasing in size, faces filled with enthusiasm, and appreciative nods on every hand bear witness to the efficiency and skill of these always inspiring teachers.

Methods of Work closed each morning session. One speaker gave the wise admonition: "Emotions excited, but not resulting in action, are apt to harden the nature, and do more harm than good. Action, too, is followed by reaction; when enthusiasm cools, be sure you have left a foundation of facts." Next year come to Mount Hermon, take the trails under the redwoods, row on lovely Zayante, see the big trees at Felton, reached in a few minutes by train. Plan to include all the conferences you can, but do not miss the school where you will forget all denominational lines, forget whether missions are Home or Foreign, and just rejoice that, under Dr. Gilchrist's wise, Christian leadership, we have, in our beloved California, a second Northfield.

THE CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP OF THE PULPIT.

By Rev. Oliver Van Wagnen.

(Delivered at Education Congress at Paradise, June 16, '09)

Obviously the pulpit should lead. The preacher, the priest, the rector, or the layman, or the man who occupies the pulpit, if he would be a success, must not be dictator, confessor, advocate, reformer or servant so much as a leader. The scriptural figure is a beautiful one,—the Shepherd leading, the sheep following.

There are three kinds of men in the pulpit today,—there have always been these same three types; first, the dude, —the preacher who parts his hair in the middle and dresses for the ladies. He has the peaches and cream complexion, the long, tapering fingers, and the "spirituelle" expression. He has been quite frequently in England in years gone by,— a few of such are left in New England, but none have been tolerated west of the Mississippi. The breed is fast becoming extinct. Modern conditions are not favorable to their healthy growth.

Then there is the class of men in the pulpit who say nothing and nothing follows. These men are poor preachers and have small congregations or go into evangelistic work, or enter city missions or take up a decrepit ranch for their secular amusement on week days and preach for their own edification on Sundays. These men never lead in anything. They are like Alice Hegan Rice's "Mr. Opp." They always have some great schemes on hand, but neither the people nor the Lord ever take them very seriously. Such men have created the popular length of a sermon and henceforward forth the servant of Jehovah shall be limited to a twenty-minute skit. "A sermon is long when it seems long and short when it ends, if good." To lead, a man must have something to say and much more than that, what he has to say must make something follow. In Northern California, to do this a man must say what he has to say in a rather unconventional way or he must have an entirely distinct message.

In the third group of preachers are the **Real Men,** the great hearts, the men who hold communion with God, the men who have passion for souls. Marcomius heard Luther and said: "All heaven seemed to thunder in the name of Christ." The real leader in the pulpit will follow the example of the great Shepherd and lead the flock. Souls go astray. It is not the preacher so often that saves as the pastor who goes in and out among his people. I do not feel that I have now the hearts of my people or really come into their lives in any vital way until I can run in by way of the back door, before breakfast, and find the family unembarrassed and glad to see me. I believe the close personal relation between the pastor and his people is one of the most delightful in the world. If it is at all real it is lasting. Three pastorates during a lifetime are enough for the preacher who is a leader. We need this emphasized in our own territory. There is altogether too much changing

on the part of ministers,—for their own good and certainly for the growth of the churches. A man in a field for a year or two can do little to permanently influence the life of the place. The long pastorate,—twelve, fifteen, twenty years in the same church,—to christen, to confirm, to shape the ideals, to marry and to bury year after year,—deed upon deed, line upon line, experience upon experience, love upon love, until pastor and people are united with the ties that bind the kingdom of heaven upon earth,—these are the things worth while; such experiences are lasting. It is thus and only thus that the followers of Peter bind enduring sheaves and loose the gates of Hades.

Let me say to the churches, unless your minister is of the first two types I have named, you can make him very largely what you want him to be. If he is not an utterly impossible creature, you can make him to meet your requirements. Too many churches are like animals,—aquatic animals who live in the water with only their noses thrust above the surface to breathe. They live thus with that for their lives only,—mostly submerged. Such churches keep their property well painted and hold regular services, eat their meals and bathe at stated intervals, but it were better if they put their noses as well as their bodies under water and ceased breathing entirely. Churches, have aspirations for your minister, for the kingdom; **Make** your pastor a leader in the town; make your moral influence felt, or die a respectable death.

Brethren, I believe God laughs at most of our miserable little Protestant churches, divided we know not why, puny because we have forgotten where strength is to be found, protesting against nothing because we are too consumed with the details of ice cream socials to raise the pastor's salary, or are too busy with the apportionment plan or improving our ridiculous policy. It is high noon,—the wedding feast is ready. We should arise and ask ourselves some questions here in Northern California. We live in God's country. This little association of at most twenty-five churches represents one of the richest, most beautiful spots on earth. The gold-ribbed western slope of the Sierras, the broad plain of the lessening foothills reeking under their burden of fruit, flowers and grain, and the deep, mighty river in its innermost parts the dust of gold and sand of commerce and on its bosom the islands which bringeth forth more than the islands of the southern seas. In this midst are our churches of Christ. Here dwell the people of the ready hand, the big heart and the inconsequential manners. Californians who today follow in the trails of the pioneers have huge hearts. They delight in doing things on a big scale,—they are ready to forward the wildest hopes if approached in a proper way and they delight in unconventional standards. The pioneers are gone, or fast going. The younger generation is like that young man of old who had all things needful save one. That one thing it is for us to supply. Are our pulpits leading? Are our churches supplying? Where does it all lead to, anyway?

I believe our situation to be unique and our religious opportunity in this Sacramento Valley Association to be a most remarkable one for development and a divine call for leadership. Each town is distinct, each calls for a reinterpretation of the gospel in California terms. Sacramento must have its own message; Auburn has a life of its own and must be approached from within; so with Michigan Bluff, and Grass Valley, and Lodi, and even Paradise. I suppose in Paradise they do not need to hear of the devil; in Auburn they do. My plea is this: Our Congregational Fellowship, to do its distinctive work in Northern California, must learn new combinations of the same old notes; we must play more in the minor keys,—this maphap because we are in miner communities. We must play forte, in largo time. The Californian has no use for a pianissimo religion or a waltz time church or ritual. We must march quickstep paces ahead.

I have no part in the sentiment now abroad that the church is waning in influence and also what is sheepishly admitted by some ministers, that the ministry is no longer a place for the exercise of the best talents and brightest minds. Bullfrogs croak the loudest in stagnant pools. If the preacher finds the waters of moral and spiritual life in himself and his church flowing slowly or drying up; if he no longer feels that the ministry is a place of unexcelled opportunity and divine leadership on earth, let him go elsewhere. This idea is so prevalent that the pulpit is losing power, that the preacher is no longer a leader, that strong men will choose other professions first and the ministry only as a last resort, that I want to point out briefly some of the supreme opportunities of the ministry, the pulpit, for leadership.

One of these is that it gives a man a chance to speak whatever message he has to from 200 to 3000 people twice a week, usually in a beautiful house set aside for thinking great thoughts and where the most intelligent and highly cultured of the community assemble. If he have a real message he will be demanded by other groups in and near his own center. Such men as Hillis, Cadmon, Jefferson, Gordon, and, nearer home, Dr. Day of Los Angeles, and Mr. Brown, may speak their thoughts to hundreds every night. This privilege is granted very rarely to anyone but the minister. The gems of oratory, the oracles of the prophets, the visions of the seers, are still intrusted to the ministry.

Again, the pulpit leads a man into every great realm of truth. Parker said, "Preaching covers everything." Most men in other professions, even in teaching, are limited to one group of subjects, one realm of thought; but the minister lays tribute on every realm of truth,—literature, history, economics, poetry, philosophy, science; he is continually moving about in them all. The minister cannot be authority in more than two or three of these fields, but he can speak with intelligence and command respect in them all. The pulpit must be intellectually conversant with the scientific thinking of the pew. The teaching function of the pulpit has very largely gone over to the public school because of the sluggardliness of ministers to accept the conservative results of science. A minister does not need to jump at all the latest results in any given field and incorporate them into next Sunday's sermon, but he must think in grammar school terms or high school terms if he would appeal to the respect of the pupils in these schools.

The pulpit can lead in literary ideals. The minister is the greatest reader of our day. The great publishing houses all say that ministers are their best and most constant customers. The morning sermon of any good preacher ought to show weeks of association with the best books by its casual phraseology and references. There is no excuse for the minister not knowing what is the best books, both ancient and modern. One of his greatest spiritual services to the community is this, to shape its literary taste by his own reading and the results of his reading.

Again, the pulpit should lead in all matters of good taste. The minister should, in the best and highest sense,

be the gentleman of the community. He can cultivate good taste in speaking, in dress; in conduct of public services, funerals and weddings. He can influence public supply and demand in a thousand matters.

The lack of good taste is the minister's greatest handicap. Where he has it not, the church should help him to ascertain and apply it.

Again, the pulpit can lead in specific reforms and initiating new ideals. No other profession has undisturbed mornings for study and for work. The minister should be a civic leader,—go into politics, devote himself to certain social reforms, or if he loves pastoral work there is no end to the new ideals he can start in family groups. If a musician or an artist, he has access to the best society in the land and, practically, do what he pleases with the most refined minds and highly sensitive temperaments.

The ministry is fresh and varied in its scope. Each day entices with its study hours, calls, conversations, its part in sorrow and joy. Far the greater number of books come from the ministry; even college professors do not write so much. The pulpit can and should lead in producing good books, good papers and magazines. The pulpit can reach the great world through the pen. The horizon of the preacher's quill, even if that quill is in the smallest hamlet in the land,—the horizon is the other side of the earth.

Now, the last and greatest leadership of the pulpit is the finest opportunity of all,—that of **making a lasting impress on humanity.** The preacher may not be an orator, or even a good speaker. He may not be a writer or a profound thinker or a reformer. But he has a group that is his own and, like a father, he can gather his flock and shape it to his will. Jesus saturated eleven men with his thought and transformed the world. The most humble preacher can shape ideals in children that are everlasting.

There are just two things the pulpit must have if it would lead today. The man in the pulpit must **believe** intensely some few things and he must have **unction.** It makes some difference, but not much, whether he is a Calvinist or a Unitarian. He must have a sufficient theory of life and its purpose; must **believe** and intensely **assert** some few things. But greatest of all, peculiar alone to the ministry, that thing which is the apostolic succession from our Divine Lord, the minister must be endowed with **unction,** power to see visions, unflinching hold on the verities of the unseen world, inspiration, clairvoyance of the spiritual life. This is real, and this only can make the pulpit lead in the things of the kingdom of God upon earth. "They who serve the Kingdom shall become kingly in character." They who are led of the spirit shall lead men, women and children, living souls, out of the darkness into the light.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

Clara E. Dell.

The little church of Mt. Levanon stood in a beautiful grove of maple trees. The summer breezes were gently lifting their leaves, then letting them fall again as though playing with th delicate, fine foliage.

On either side of the church were long rows of hitching posts, to which were fastened many horses of different sizes and colors. There was Judge Wilcox's span of large blacks, their sleek sides glistening as though covered with the finest satin, and by their sides, old Betsy, Sally Dunn's old grey mare.

Some said Betsy should have her name on the church roll as she was a regular attendant at every service and always called on the sick with Miss Sally. Sally and the horse were past the age of youth and beauty, but not of usefulness.

Then there was little Ray Dickerson's pony with its spotted coat of white and reddish brown, and Brother Jones' bony old grey, and many others; so many in fact that some had to be tied behind the church to the old board fence.

Inside every seat was filled, beside chairs carried in from the small room at the side where they had a Sunday School class, but they only partly accommodated those who had been so anxiously waiting for this day.

The altar was gorgeous with flowers of all kinds and colors. There were large bunches of lilacs and wild roses, honey-suckle vines and sweet peas, and a large bowl of peonies and tulips, while over the windows hung bowers of ferns and grasses. A canary bird in a gilt cage hung near the front and it sang its merry songs as if it, too, realized that this was Children's Day, when all was glad and every child was happy.

Then Grace Ross, the organist, arose and went to her seat behind the altar and the choir gathered in their places. The pastor arose and said, "We will sing No. 105,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him, Lord of All!"

There was no orchestra, the old organ was out of tune, but the voices were not, and soon a great chorus of thanksgiving, joy and peace arose from the little assembly until even the birds in the tree-tops stopped to listen.

Then he who had been pastor for many years, a man with silvery, white hair and sweet, up-lifted face upon which God's peace and benediction seemed to rest, stepped forward and offered a prayer of thanks for blessings received, and a request that the Father bless richly those dear lambs and at last gather them all safely into the fold.

There were many who were wiping the tears from their eyes when he closed and the children looked up into his face with awe as they might into the face of an angel. Then the songs and recitations, all on the one absorbing subject of Children's Day, were gone through with.

Away back in a corner of the church sat a little girl, her small face was thin and old in appearance. She wore no white dress or ribbon sash as did the others but instead a dark calico dress with here and there a torn place or one which had not been mended. Her hair had not been combed but it was pulled back from her face and tied with a bright blue rag, the only bit of color in her whole make-up.

She was standing now and her little bare feet on the chair made a pitiful sight amid all the beauty and elegance around her. No one had noticed her in the excitement and pleasure of the day, but still she cowed back against the wall. Poor little waifs of humanity, long before they understand, they somehow realize the coldness of the world towards the destitute!

Her father was a drunkard. Everyone knew "Old Bill Baily." He was a good-for-nothing sort of fellow. He had lived among them for years and had never been more than a loafer and a nuisance; and, as we often do, they had rated the whole family, wife and children, by the father. They did not stop to investigate. It had grown to be an "old thing" to see Mrs. Baily toiling over the hills with her great basket full of washing which she had done for those who lived about her.

She was a quiet, timid little body and she did not tell how she had come from a good home, how she had gone through high school, then how her mother and father had died and the home had been sold, and she, feeling lonely and forsaken, had married this man, who then was bright and good looking. She did not tell how she had sewed until the early morning hours and then washed and ironed all the long, weary day to keep her children clothed and buy bread and fuel while her husband lay in a drunken stupor.

The community said, "They are a disgrace to the neighborhood, they do not even send their children to Sunday School," never stopping to think it might be for lack of clothes.

Little Jennie had come once but had gone home, the great tears falling over her thin little cheeks and told her mother, "Elizabeth Fleming had said she looked like a Chinaman with her hair pulled back and tied that way, with her sleeves hanging down over her hands." It was her older sister's dress and much too large for her, but it was all she could find to put on that morning. She did not go again for a long time. But today she came. She had heard so much about Children's Day at school and she felt she somehow belonged to it, if she was "only a drunkard's child." She had slipped out this morning and had come. Her mother was too busy ironing to notice.

Oh! how lovely it all was. How she wished she could sit up there on the platform and have a white dress, even without the sash and laces and if she could only speak a little piece or sing! Once when they had sung "Bringing in the Sheaves," which she had heard her mother sing, she had started in with her clear little voice, but someone had looked at her and she had thought, "Perhaps they will not let me stay if they see me," so she had kept quiet.

Down the long row of chairs sat a lady, and on her lap was a baby girl. The sweet, smiling face showed clearly the gentle, sympathetic disposition within. All through the long service she had watched Jennie. Some way the baby mind had realized the contrast between the bare-footed, pale-faced little girl and the daintily dressed children around her and the little heart was beating with pity and love.

Long ago, it is said, "He set a little child in their midst." Today He did the same, for after the services were over, and the minister had said, "Now we will have the collection, and please give all you can for it will go to the West to clothe poor children so they can attend Sunday-school," little Hazel had softly slipped down from her mother's lap and had picked her way over to poor, lonely little Jennie. The room was quiet as the collectors started with their boxes. A clear, sweet, baby voice rang out in the stillness, "Poor little girl, baby loves 'oo."

Everyone turned to see, and to understand, if possible, the pecular words. Jennie looked at her in astonishment, then as the real meaning came to her that someone pitied and even loved her, she sank down on the chair; the poor little heart had ached with loneliness, the tear had been so hard to keep back, and now at these unexpected words she burst out in a torrent of sobs, and cried as if her heart would break.

The service was dismissed without a benediction, and members gathered around her and asked as to her troubles. Little by little, between her sobs, she told the whole sad story. The collection which was gathered after the service amounted to over one hundred dollars. It was not sent to the West but was given to help start again a life which had long ago given up all hope.

Bill Baily still had a spark of manhood and this was rekindled by good-will and love until a happy, well-cared for family was the result; and up over the pulpit of the old church were placed these words, "A little child shall lead them."

Grass Valley.

WHERE THE RIVER BENDS.

"A swift stream is not heard in the channel but upon the shallows."—Bacon.

Where the river bends I stay my boat,
With oars at rest, I muse and float,
Await the word the river here
May wish to tell the patient ear.
Perhaps the hills, of greater age,
May write for us the earliest page—
What forecasts from their heights they view
To which this neighbor should be true;
Why it should bend, now left, now right,
Its wished for goal oft out of sight.
The sea, the sea, to gain the sea!
Rejoicing only to be free—
Was this the river's single thought
When straightest path alone it sought?
This bank of shingle-shapeless mass,
But frets the waters as they pass!
These pebbly shoals give constant voice
Of troubled pathway, not by choice:
"What means," they say, "this long delay,
The while the hills hold tyrant sway."
—The deeps are dumb, you cannot hear
If they the enigma could make clear.
—What is the word the river here
Would fain reveal to inner ear?

Where the river bends it there fulfills
A task it shares with comrade hills.
They work together for the plains
The stream but bears the gathered gains,
And o'er the lowlands smoothly spreads
The gifts the wise old mountain sheds.
Where'er it bends it sifts its freight,
And sorts out what was found of weight,
Its stony stretches, labored proof
How waters toil for land's behoof.
Anon the yielding sands, and high,
The water-willows beautify.
See where kingfisher seeks his food
In shallows loved of minnow brood.
And tripping sand-larks ply their task
Along the marge where insects bask.
Warm levels with their ordered crops
Show Man at work where Nature stops.
Age-long and distant was the toil
That spread the farmer's fields with soil.

Thus river, mountain, bird and man
Together form but one great Plan.
The pictured parable is plain—
By mutual aims our ends we attain:
The Scheme-of-things works good for all,
No private good may it forestall.
And toil and struggle make supreme
Heart-fellowship beyond the Dream.
Earth's middens everywhere make show

How close-grouped man lived long ago.
His way how tortuous, winding-bent,
That in delay his true Intent
Might be displayed o'er wider fields,
And his the joy Time's harvest yields;
Perforce the lesson take to heart—
How nothing stands complete apart;
That every stream shall reach the sea—
Untroubled, boundless Destiny.

W. W. Lovejoy.

Guerneville, July 1st, 1909.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

W. H. Scudder.

Topic for Aug. 22—"Two Prayer Lessons." Matthew 6: 5, 6, and 18: 19, 20.

The disciples asked their Master to teach them to pray. There is much more significance to this than we are wont to suppose. Prayer as much as any other thing needs to be learned. Not that we should learn and recite prayers—though that might not be so incongrous as many imagine. But prayer is such a great factor in Christian life, and so large a feature in the spiritual realm that instruction therein would greatly help Christians. Not a great many Christians like to pray. There may be particular reasons in each individual case for this I had almost said dislike, but one of the main reasons, general—almost universal—is, because there is such constant repetition of the same thought and even phraseology that the act ceases to be a virtue. This is a most emphatic argument in favor of the point that we could well be taught how to pray. As a fact much prayer becomes "vain repetition" because of lack of knowledge in regard to it. How shall we avoid this tendency and enjoy prayer? One way is to start right. Most of us start in prayer as we start down the street. We go from the same point, pass over the same path, and come to the same terminal. If in all simplicity we should have a thought in mind before we commenced our prayer, a thought of Divine holiness, or mercy, a thought of Christ's sacrifice, or promise, a thought of the Spirit and His special work in "helping our infirmity" it might at least serve to bring new inspiration as we knelt in prayer; and as we learn, our horizon would become extended, our liberty greater, our result more certain.

We have very little conception of prayer as an efficient force of the spiritual economy. Those instances in Biblical and church history where great results have followed on prayer seem to indicate that the right combination would produce great effects. And why are there not more of these apparent? A significant answer is contained in Mr. Amos Wells' question: "Is not prayer the only great enterprise in which men expect to succeed without much time and thought?" How many years, and what hours of thought did Moses spend on his knees before those great effects were produced in leading Israel out of Egypt? How long and earnestly must Elijah have "stood before God" ere he could with positive certainty champion God's cause against Baal's? When the Day of Pentecost was ushered in, it was preceded by long hours of prayer—concerted prayer also. The Christian world can well take into consideration that it takes more than a simple petition without preparation to take hold on that hand which can move the world.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Scotland's noted theologian, Professor George Adam Smith, will deliver the next course of lectures on the Earle Foundation at Pacific Seminary. They will begin on Monday evening, August 23, in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. Other dates are August 24, 25, 26, 30, 31, and September 2. The general subject will be "The Religion of Israel Seven Hundred Years Before Christ."

Last Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had a delightful trip in Yosemite by means of the views taken by the Rev. L. P. Hitchcock of Alameda on the occasion of his visit to the valley this summer. Next Monday there will be a discussion on the question "What Is the Matter With Modern Preaching?" Professor Tolsen of Pacific Theological Seminary will lead. A large attendance is looked for at the next meeting.

The Rev. J. B. Orr of Santa Cruz writes us concerning Mrs. Abby Snell Burnell, who impersonates a high caste Hindu woman, saying: "She tells a graphic story and our people were profited and delighted. I got three churches to unite prayer meetings in the Baptist church, and the building was crowded with the best people of our city. Mrs. Burnell and her husband labored in India, and she faithfully represents the typical life of a Hindu girl and woman. Any church is safe in giving her the best hour and opportunity."

The North Berkeley Church is to be congratulated in that the call to the pastorate given the Rev. S. C. Patterson of Bethany Church, San Francisco, has been accepted. Mr. Patterson will go to the work at North Berkeley with a record of success in every church in which he has labored. The religious forces in San Francisco will regret to part with him. He has done an excellent work in Bethany Church at a most trying time in the history of San Francisco, and has been prominently identified with the commendable movements for civic betterment here and there in the city.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

La Canada.—The pastor and his wife are spending the summer at home, and all departments of the work are kept up. A prominent feature is the Monday evening "At Homes" at the parsonage. For entertainment and instruction the Exposition at Seattle is being studied, by means of magazine articles, pictures, maps, and letters that arrive almost every day from a member of the Church who is employed for the summer on the Exposition grounds. The recently organized Christian Endeavor Society grows in membership and interest. Morning and evening services on Sunday are well attended, the mid-week meeting is full of interest, and the work in all departments is bright with encouragements.

Los Angeles, First Church.—Dr. Wm. Horace Day, pastor, is taking his vacation in the high Sierras, drinking in the fresh mountain air, camping in the open, and sampling the trout and small game. The homeward trip will be along the Los Angeles aqueduct from Mt. Whitney. Mrs. Day is rusticating at Forest Home and later at Squirrel Inn. Recently, Dr. Warren F. Day, pastor emeritus, and wife, made

the circuit around by Chicago, preaching in his former church in Ottawa, speaking on the 46th anniversary of his graduation at Wheaton College, returning by way of the Canadian Pacific, stopping over at Lake Louise and the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle. During the pastor's absence, besides the appointments which the pastor emeritus will fill, Dr. J. Percival Huget, Galesburg, Ill. Rev. Williard B. Thorp, San Diego, Dr. George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, and Dr. R. R. Meredith, Pasadena, are vacation preachers. At the twilight communion, August 1st, fourteen new members were enrolled.

Corona.—The four leading churches in Corona are now entering a second series of very pleasant union summer services. Early in the season the pastors plan their vacations in such a way that two will be in the city at all times and each church has at least one service every Sunday. There result fine congregations, a maintenance of healthy finances, good fellowship and a variety in preaching. The work is maintained at high tide and both pastors and people are rested. The congregations and Bible School of our church have so enlarged that a new plant is necessary. Mr. Norman Marsh of Los Angeles has drawn plans for a beautiful and commodious structure and the campaign for funds goes encouragingly on. About thirty new members have been received in the first half of the year so that our numbers have passed the 180 mark. The benevolences have been placed in charge of a special treasurer and committee with a monthly pledge system, and the adoption of an apportionment plan. This part of our finance is operated with the same system and care as the local budget. The pastor takes his vacation in August and September, planning to visit Forest Home and the coast. In her brave search for health, Mrs. Ferris has entered the trying heated months in better condition than any year in this section of the country.

WASHINGTON.

Ahtanum.—Miss Martha Wiley of Ahtanum is preparing to return to her work in Foochow, China, leaving San Francisco August 24.

Pomeroy.—The Rev. Edmund Owens and wife of Martinez, Cal., spent a part of their vacation visiting relatives at Pomeroy, Davenport and Spokane.

CHURCH BUILDING AT PARADISE.

Last May I visited the site of the church and parsonage here and saw their charred and blackened ruins. The fire had made a clean sweep and destroyed the surrounding trees also. It was a pathetic sight. The work of years gone and only memories left of the meetings and associations of the past. In one place, the old bell that had valiantly stood at its post and called from week to week upon the people to come to worship God, lay cracked and voiceless forever.

The plans for removing the buildings to a more desirable site were thwarted by the fire, and the work of securing a new edifice hastened. A few weeks ago ground was broken for the foundations upon the very desirable lot shaded by oaks and pines, and commanding an extended view of the Sacramento Valley. Saturday last an old-fashioned "raising bee" was held. Twenty-five men donated their services and toiled enthusiastically all day. At noon the ladies served dinner. The Baptist church was well represented by workers, and there were a number present without church relationship. In the afternoon a moving picture was taken as the work was going forward, and this will no doubt be exhibited all over the country to show how church building is done in Northern California. The excitement and enthusiasm increased as evening approached. One lady borrowed a hammer and drove nails and piled lumber with the rest. At 4:40 p. m. I gave the signal for raising the first wall and it went up with a rush amid the cheers of most of the women of the community, and at 5:20 the side walls and main posts and girders were in place and ready for the roof timbers. The most delightful feature of the day was the manifestation of interest and good will on the part of everybody. The people have contributed beyond what might be expected for the work, but it will be necessary to secure as much donated labor as possible in order to finish the church as desired. There will also be opportunity for friends at a distance to have a small part in the work by making their gifts, if no more than a dollar to buy a lock for a door. The front door lock and hinges have been already contributed. Also one memorial window.

Last Sunday evening, Pastor Winslow had his largest congregation since taking up the work here. Nearly sixty persons crowded the hall where services are held. His sermons are helpful and inspiring. As it will not be possible for the people to replace the parsonage at present, he will at once build a cottage for himself near the church.

Next Sunday afternoon, the corner stone of the new church will be laid with appropriate services. Mr. Ives, a beloved former pastor, is expected to be present. His hands did a great part of the work on the old church building and parsonage, and it is thought to be very proper that he should lay the corner stone of the new. It is believed that every person within miles will be present.

All this is very encouraging, as doubts have been expressed as to the desire of the community to have a new church, or as to the advisability of continuing home missionary aid here any longer. The events of the last few days ought to reassure anyone.

In addition to the $500 insurance on the old building, the church has been granted the $1,000 Craig legacy and will be known as the "Craig Memorial Church." One thousand dollars have already been subscribed here, and this is to be increased, if possible, to $1500.

The church is to be built of rough stone and shingles, and will be thirty-six feet wide and seventy feet in length, seating 225 people and having pastor's study, kitchen, primary room, and prayer meeting room. It will be completed, ready for dedication, early in September.

FRANCIS W. REID.

HEART'S DESIRE.

"God give you your heart's desire,
Whatever it be," she said;
Then down the gallery's shining length
Like a thing of light she sped.

Her face was a stranger's face;
Her name I shall never know;
But softly her benediction fell
As the night-winds breathing low.

Who knoweth the heart's desire?
Its innermost secret dream?

Its holiest shrine where the altar lights
Forever and ever gleam?

Who guesseth the heart's desire?
Ah, neither you nor I!
It hideth away in darkling space
From the gaze of the passer-by.

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the child that cries for the moon!
Or the samite robe and the Holy Grail
To the soul that was born too soon?

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the lover whose love lies dead?
Or the priest who faces the silence
With the living word unsaid?

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the poet with harp unstrung,
When he droppeth the trembling lyre
With his noblest song unsung?

—Julia C. R. Door.

THE HOME

A HOME SONG.

I turned an ancient poet's book,
And found upon the page:
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."
Yes, that is true; and something more;
You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.
But every house where Love abides,
And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet home;
For there the heart can rest.

—Henry Van Dyke.

HOME HAPPINESS.

Probably nineteen--twentieths of all the happiness you will ever have you will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house. You can make that little room a home to you; you can people it with such moods, you can turn to it with such sweet fancies that it will be fairly luminous with their presence and will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you should ever transgress. You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often not so difficult to love a person as it is to be courteous to him. Courtesy is of greater value and is a more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will but be courteous to each other, you will soon learn to love each other more wisely, profoundly, not to say lastingly than you ever did before.

COMFORTABLE SORT OF WOMAN.

Said a homely, bent, little man pathetically, when speaking of the mother of his children, who had done her life work: "It comforts me powerfully to know that Sally would allus lie down every afternoon an' sleep a bit. Some folks tho't 'twas a dretful lazy habit, and 'twas no wonder we didn't get rich faster, but she suited me jest as she was. Sally was a comfortable sort of woman to have around, never frettin' at a feller or faultin' him when things didn't go right. When feelin' troubled she'd often say, 'Father, I believe I'll lie down for a few minutes,' then back she'd come spry and chipper as a canary bird. Sally didn't drive and scold, but she wasn't lazy, an' she brought up the youngsters to do their part. I don't see that drivin' women gets on one mite better than she did. It does comfort me to know that Sally would take her rest."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

I am moved to remark on some phases of married life that come under my observation. What do the bridegroom and bride promise when they take the marriage vows upon themselves—freely and gladly promise? To love, honor and cherish each other so long as they both shall live.

I never realized until late years how much that word "honor" means in the marriage ceremony.

Does a man, one who would hotly resent any imputation of his honor—does he "honor" his wife by telling her defects to others?

Men, women, think of that word in your marriage vow—"honor." Stand true to it! Keep your disappointments to yourselves!

Probably nine cases out of ten, the wife, or the husband, who is so disappointing, is equally heart sore, but all honor to the woman, or the man, who, though finding a good deal of clay in her or his idol, is truly honorable, taking neither man nor woman into that inner and sacred place where the two who should be one stand and bravely bear to the end.

Shame on any woman who lends a listening ear to any man in complaint of his wife, often the mother of his children, which in itself ought to make her failings (if she has more than her full share) sacred to her husband—and more shame to her if she encourages such complaints.

Women, do not talk of your husband's failings to other women, no matter how much you crave sympathy.

I have in mind an illustration which came to my notice many years ago.

In a small town lived an honorable man and his honorable wife. He felt he had "advanced" while the girl he married and promised to hold above all others had remained the same simple soul as when he won her heart. He needed "sympathy," which he did not find in his home, so he sought it elsewhere and found it. One day a chance remark he overheard revealed to him his true position in the community, which was a startling surprise to him (it ought not to have been), and as he thought what it meant to him and his family he could not face the people of his town any longer, so sold his home and business and went to the far West to start anew with a clean record.

During this severing of ties of many years' standing and forming new ones among strangers he thought and thought deeply.

Going back to boyhood, he lived his courtship over,

pondered on the patience and sweetness and self-sacrificing spirit of the simple-hearted wife who took every burden possible from him, sometimes staggering under the heavy load, that he might be free to fit himself for the profession he had chosen. As he thought what a woman she had been same seized his soul, and he acknowledged his wrong to her and begged her forgiveness. And he came to reverence her as he never had in the old days.

Think on these things.—The Advance.

EMOTIONS—AND WOMEN.

By Mary Kelly Graves.

The emotional nature is one of the three qualities inherent in man, and is the moving power of the other two, the intellect and the will. By means of it and through it we experience and convey to others joy, sorrow, love and sympathy. In fact, without this faculty we could but poorly, if at all, have communication with our fellows. Realization of this brings larger appreciation of the high office to which the emotional nature is called.

Women are supposed to have stronger emotions than men. Whether this be true or not, certainly they are more emotional. The two words, I think, should not be confused. Emotionalism is a disease of the emotions—the weakening of something meant to be strong and vital for service, subjectively and objectively.

Men with strong emotional natures become the artists of the world—its poets and painters or its soldiers, its great leaders. We do not realize this because we are not accustomed to considering the emotions as working factors or as something which can be poured into channels of self-expression and therefore of usefulness to others. We think of them as things over which we have no control, while on the contrary they are as susceptible to training and education as any other faculty that we possess.

"What the stream of a mill race is to a water wheel, working complex machinery, the emotions are to man's will and partly to his intellect." And vitiated emotions mean a vitiated life, though this is just what I think many women do not realize.

A wise and busy mother is the most splendid example of all examples of appropriated emotions. She is putting into posterity all the creative force in her being.

But in this day of luxury and ease there is a constantly growing class of women who must make their interests. I am not in sympathy with the idea that all childless homes are the results of selfishness and vanity in women. I know that there are many hands that are empty—be they ever so full of other things—because the one thing for which they are best fitted is denied them. A woman with such empty hands is to be pitied. Her husband loves her in his busy, businesslike way; but he is so successful and so engrossed with holding that success that he gives her just everything she wants—except himself. She does not blame him; she even understands and sympathizes. He is simply the victim of the spirit of the age; and once in its toils, there is no turning back. But she is lonely in spite of her understanding.

Now, this woman is most in danger of emotionalism. She must come to her own rescue.

I said to my friend the other day: "You are degenerating into the sad, inadequate woman who fills her life with things that positively bore her and lead—just nowhere. You are lonely and you brood—or play bridge whist."

Did you ever stop to think that one's very loneliness and sorrow may be made helpful and available? It should bring us some understanding of that great sorrow and loneliness of which our own is, after all, such a very tiny part, and which it is our duty to help to relieve. The experience of sorrow brings its obligation, just as every other experience does.

The next time you find yourself sitting down to brood, lonely woman, jump up, put on your hat, and go out to find some one with a heartache bigger than yours. Such people are all about you. The exercise of tactful sympathy will make you grow in loveliness while it is making other people very happy. If you are thinking of your own empty heart very much, some little child out there is probably without love that might save it to happiness and usefulness.

If you are an invalid, becoming morbid and unlovely, remember Jenny Cassidy and her Flower Mission. What a shrine her bed became to thousands of grateful souls! and how she rescued herself from years of desolation!

And if we should pledge our sad emotions to the greater usefulness, how much more is due the same ends from our happiness!

I know a woman who is radiantly happy. Her home is childless, but her heart is so beautiful and full of sunlight that she fairly radiates joy. She is the idol of her charming circle of friends and the petted child of a doting husband. Quite enough, you say, to fill any woman's life. But to me she seems like some wonderful singer who gives her voice to only a charmed circle of friends when it really belongs to the great, eager world.

The sentimental woman is a familiar type, and is nearly always the most ineffective woman you know and the woman of fewest interests. She needs to interest herself in larger things and to grow out of herself into bigger things, where her sweetness will become wholesome. There are enough sentimental women, wasting a precious gift in vapid dreaming or in foolish experiences, to mother the world.

Emotions, feeding on themselves, become maudlin, unlovely, unserviceable. Put to work in the workshop of the Almighty, they are factors for endless good and keep life sweet, fresh, and beautiful to the last. When women more fully realize this, there will be fewer hypochrondriacs and fewer nervous wrecks.

The word "emotion" comes from the Latin "emotio," meaning "to move out." Sigh and cry, thrill and become ecstatic, but let it "move you out" into a larger life of humanity. Use your emotions, but do not be consumed by them.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

THE TRIALS OF FASHION.

To the woman who endeavors to follow prevailing fashions and to look and dress in the latest styles, come the greatest trials of womankind.

Whether or not woman is excusable for her troubles and worries about dress, we will not say, but the country housewife can say without censure the words of the publican, "God, I thank thee that I am not as others are." If we could only feel and know our freedom from society and dress of the city, it would add much toward making us happier as rural people. Many full-grown people of the city find their hearts longing for the days when they trampled over the grassy fields and made furrows in the mud with their toes, after a heavy spring shower. What man

does not look back to his barefoot days as the happiest of all? What woman has forgotten the childish games and freedom of her country girlhood?

The city society woman may appear to be happy, but she has her full share of troubles. Her manners must change to meet new demands, her garments must be well-chosen and in up-to-date style and in all her doings she is closely watched and criticised. No wonder we hear some of these would-be happy women longing for a rest at some quiet lakeside where they may do much as they please.

Just now the subject of style in dress is enough to drive any woman mad, especially if she is to adopt one-half the new things. Woman is indeed to be pitied. Some one presents the exaggerated styles and woman must accept. For several seasons she has had to bear the weight of mushroom hats, bread-basket affairs, Merry Widows, and what not. This season she was told wide brims and extremely wide must be worn. And now, soon will come the startling news that hats are quite small.

Last season she began to shorten her waist line, beginning her skirt folds well up under her arms. And now, about the time she has succumbed to that style, comes the announcement that her waist must extend well toward her knees. In other words, her dress is to take on a sort of draintile effect, similar to the long-waisted dresses we saw our little girls wearing recently.

And where will this all come to? When will decided and exaggerated styles ever cease to pounce upon us? Happy is the country woman who can tie on her slat bonnet, calico dress, and white apron and keep her waist line something near where her Creator intended it to be. And when she appears in public she reminds us of the good old mothers and grandmothers who guided our early footsteps. She is not stared at and criticised by men like the flashy colors and scare-crow styles which bedeck the average city woman today.

Give us freedom from Paris fashions and more good old styles of ten and fifteen years ago.—Farmers' Guide.

Young People

THE HAPPY WIND.

A happy little southern wind
Went wandering away;
It was the dearest little wind
That ever went astray.

It touched the city's outer edge,
Then swiftly turned aside,
For it had heard that little winds,
Caught by the hot streets, died.

It went along a country lane,
And through the meadows fair;
It lifted up a horse's mane,
And stirred a baby's hair.

It lingered in a quiet place
Where tall, fair lilies grow;
When noon drew near, it hid itself
Where pines stand in a row.

It slept until the shadows turned,
Then, dancing, went its way;
No other little wind that blew
Had such a pleasant day.

—Ninette M. Wowater.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"I don't care, it's mean of you to take the last apple in the dish; you're very, very selfish."

"And you're cross, which is just as bad."

"Children," called grandma.

The two pairs of bonnie brown eyes drooped. It was a pity to let grandma see how naughty they could be on her first visit to them. But the beautiful old face was peaceful and smiling when the twins slowly crossed the threshold of the sunny, flower-scented sitting-room.

"Dearies, I have a story to tetll you; snuggle up close and let's away with the fairies," and the girlies snuggled close, for fairy-stories were always "lovely."

With an arm about each; grandma began: "Once upon a time, there was a fairy who was known as the Fairy of Smiles. Wherever she went she carried with her a tiny mirror framed in gold, and when she saw little children with frowning faces and tear-filled eyes, she would hold the mirror before them and the cross looks soon took wings and flew away, for no one likes to gaze at his own scowling reflection.

"One day two little sisters were disputing over a very small matter and angry words were passed back and forth," the twinnies looked very sober; but grandma went quietly on, "Just as one sister raised her hand to slap the other, a tiny ladykin dressed in gauzy white with curly hair and sweet blue eyes came into the nursery with the magic mirror in her hand, and in a tinklnig voice said, 'Please glance into my mirror, girlies.'

"The small sisters peeped shyly into the highly polished mirror and then turned quickly away—did those clouded faces with the angry eyes belong to them?

" 'You do not like to see yourselves as others sometimes see you, do you, dears?' and the Fairy of Smiles popped the mirror into its chamois bag.

" 'I never knew we looked like that,' said one little sister softly, while the other one whispered, 'I'm sorry.'

"Then the fairy drew the mirror from the bag and held it again before the twin sisters. What a change! The two faces were dimpled and sweet and sunny, the eyes bright and dear and loving.

" 'I like us better this way,' said the twin with the curly hair. 'So do I,' ehcoed the one with the brownest eyes. Then they threw their arms about each other and hugged tight and were as happy as two kittens.

"Dearies, how would you like a magic mirror?" asked grandma.

"But there are no fairies," said Beatrice, doubtfully.

"I think perhaps I could play at being a fairy," returned grandma with a smile, "for I have a mirror."

"Oh, please show it to us," cried the twins.

Grandma opened her trunk which stood close by, and took from it a small square box. When she removed the cover, Beatrice and Barbara saw a shining mirror, framed in gold.

"Oh, oh, oh!" burst from the red lips.

"Now, lovies, I am going to give you this mirror, which I want you to ask mamma to hang in your room; then when you feel tempted to disagree, before you say one angry

word, go and look in the glass. Will you both promise to do this?" and grandma waited.

"Yes, grandma," the little maids promised.

And this is why Beatrice and Barbara are better and happier little girls, because when they feel cross, they run to the magic mirror and instantly the frowns and tears fly away, and smiles and gay dimples take their place.—M. Fielder, in Sunday School Times.

LEARNING THE WRONG LESSON.

By Belle V. Chisholm.

Has it ever been your lot, school boy and girl, to spend hours mastering a difficult lesson, only to find when you reached the class room next morning that you had learned the wrong lesson? Though you lost your grade, the mistake may not have been very serious otherwise, since the training in the wrong lesson may have been as good discipline as if the time and strength had been expended on the right task.

But there are wrong lessons which, when learned, can never take the uplifting discipline imparted by the right ones, lessons that weaken and retard the education of the moral self. For instance, here is a girl who depends upon her older brother to help her over all the hard places in arithmetic, which she despises, thus substituting the wrong lesson—dependence—for the one set for her study—that of self-reliance. Another girl, finding a pretty article on the subject assigned for composition in an old magazine, copies it and hands it to her teacher as her own effort, thus learning the wrong lesson of dishonesty instead of the one assigned—that of truth and fair dealing.

Here is a boy who reports "merit" at roll-call in the evening, when he has violated school rules by writing notes to companions, unbeknown to the teacher; substituting the wrong lesson of cheating for the right one of truthfulness and fairness, and that, too, when his honor is pledged to be true to himself, as well as to the school he represents.

The boy who slips bits of change from his father's drawer, or rifles the pantry of delicacies not intended for his use, is learning a very hard lesson—that of theft; for the taking of a penny that does not belong to him is as much stealing as if hundreds of dollars were at stake. A boy's first theft usually comes from a desire to have what he can not afford. The motive is rarely different from that of the bank cashier who loots the treasury in his care.

The cashier, having a small salary and expensive tastes, learns the wrong lesson by extracting from the bank's funds, thinking that good luck will soon enable him to repay his borrowings. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred he gets in deeper and deeper, until detection and ruin follow. If he had only learned the right lesson, that of honest work, he would have kept his good name, friends and honor. So the boy tempted to pilfer must choose between the lesson of right and wrong set forth for his study. He can not get away from the old proposition, "If you want a thing—

Money honestly earned brings pleasure, if rightly spent, but stolen money goes quickly, and in its train follow anxious days, sleepless nights, remorse, detection.

School life is full of possibilities, as well as responsibilities. Boys and girls, too, will find life too earnest to be spent in unlearning harmful lessons; hence, at the very outset of their scchool lives they should strive to keep close to the right lessons, to learn them so perfectly that the Great Teacher may find no flaw in the work set for them to do.

THREE MEN WITH SACKS.

Long ago, when people did queer things, an old man went around with a sack hanging behind his back and another one hanging in front of him.

What do you think these sacks were for? Well, I will tell you.

In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were hid from view; and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging round his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him, and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got there, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop! don't do that!" cried the other," "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked Number One.

"Why, my good deeds," answered Number Two. "I keep them all in front of me, whene I can always see them, and take them out and air them. See, here is the half-crown I put in the plate last Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave the crippled boy; and the penny I gave to the organ grinder; and here is the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing-sweeper at my door; and—"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveler, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said Number Two; "there is nothing I care to look at in there. That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said Number One.

Number Two frowned. He had never thought that, though he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, every one else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips when happily a third traveler—also carrying two sacks as they were—overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sacks?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger; "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed Number One.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you," said Number Two, "for it appears to be empty; and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose,' said the stranger, "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through, and is lost. So you see, I have no weight to drag me down or backward.

President Fallieres of France will meet King Edward at Marmbad, August 18th. President Taft will meet President Diaz in the fall. These kings emperors, czars and presidents are getting awfully thick these latter days.

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